Ye Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

Rose Sunday.

ONCE of old disciples questioned
Their great Master who should be
Greatest in the heavenly kingdom?
In their midst a child placed he.

"Except ye become like children,
Trusting, mild, and pure from sin,
To the joys of this bright kingdom
Hope ye not to enter in!"

So to-day the children gather
In the name of Him so dear,
Mingling voices in his praises,
And in songs of love and cheer.

And the beautiful, sweet roses
Lend their perfume to the air,
And adorn His holy temple
With their graces rich and rare.

And the children are all happy,
For they come to take their place
In the army of our Master,
And the hosts of sin to face.

We are sure this is their mission,
For our Master, meek and mild,
Went about his Father's business
Even when he was a child.

Lo! this is the children's mission;
And, although so great and vast,
Love and innocence are weapons
That shall conquer all at last.

Men, indeed, shall cease from anger;
Even nations cease their strife,
When all shall have learned the lesson
Of the child-like Christian life.

Lamb and lion shall be friendly,
And the great protect the small,
Harmony and love be perfect,
When a little child leads all!

For the Myrtle.

Nanzette a Princess.

PART FIRST.

LARGE tears rolled from Nanzette's innocent blue eyes when she found that her dear father and mother had gone away. The honor of being a princess was nothing to her when compared with the pleasure of being Henrick's and Alsyne's own dear little girl. She did not dare to cry aloud, but her suppressed sobs soon reached the ears of the queen.

"Poor child!" said the queen. "She cries for her parents, and must be amused. Bring my casket of jewels."

A lady brought an elegant casket of frosted silver, which the queen opened and amused herself by trying the effect of the different ornaments upon Nanzette's chubby throat; and the glitter of the jewels astonished the child into forgetfulness of her troubles.

"Blue eyes and pearly skin," said the queen to herself. "No, she can never wear these rubies. She will look lovely in pearls when she is a bride, but diamonds she will have to wear ordinarily. Look!" she said to her ladies as she fastened a circlet of the flashing gems around the child's neck, and placed another upon her head, bringing a large, sparkling cross above her forehead. "Look up, Nanzette."

The beautiful eyes were raised wonderingly, a bright flush was upon her cheeks, though the little red lips yet quivered with grief.

"Would you not like some of these pretty ornaments for your own?" said the queen, looking admiringly upon the beautiful child. "Be a good girl, and you shall have them all."

"That is a sad omen," remarked a noble lady who was watching them. "The first ornament should not be a cross, even though it be of diamonds."

"They are very pretty, like icicles," said the little girl; "but I do not want them. I want my mamma"; and she sobbed again.

"It bears heavily already," said the noble lady, who was aunt to the queen, and privileged to say what she pleased. "It would be much better for the little one to go back to her hut to innocence and happiness."

"Do you really think so, aunt?" said the queen. "Ignorance dwells in the hut. Have education and high culture no value in your eyes?"

"Look about you," said the noble lady in response. "These young ladies are supposed to possess education and culture. They certainly know a great deal about dress, fashion and flirtation of which they had much better be in ignorance. Would you have this little pearl become like one of these?"

"But she cannot remain innocent. I should prefer to have her like these young ladies than to have her become a coarse, dowdy, vulgar woman."

"That is not necessary. Alsyne is neither coarse nor dowdy. She retains her innocence, and possesses a simple refinement that I should be sorry to have her lose. She is good, and her face is radiant with happiness."

When she heard the name of her mother, Nanzette could no longer restrain the convulsive weeping that would burst forth. "Oh, take me to my mamma, my dear, pretty mamma!" sobbed she, with such vehemence that the queen, who was not yet strong, told nurse to take her from the room. She carried her into a pretty chamber adjoining her own, and thinking that the little girl must be tired, undressed her, put on an elegant cambric night-dress, beautifully embroidered, which some one had ordered for her, and laid her in the bed. Nanzette soon sobbed herself to sleep, and then the nurse shaded the lamp and left her for the night.

After a few hours' slumber Nanzette awoke. The lamp gave a dim light, and she could see the lofty room and the rich, dark furniture; but these, with the knowledge that she was a princess, did not satisfy her hungry little heart. She had missed the romp with her father, and her mother's good-night kiss, and she felt so alone and desolate in the grand palace. Everybody had been kind to her, but she missed her home, and soon her pillow was wet with tears. She thought of Spud and his busy, important ways; and when she next opened her eyes, there he stood, regarding her with compassion.

"Hey day, Nanzette!" said he; "I have come to brighten you up a little."

Nanzette sprang up in delight, and threw her little arms around his neck.

"You have come to take me to mamma, good house fairy. I know you have."

"No," said Spud. "You shall go soon, but now we will take a walk."

Then the cloud arose in the centre of the room and the inviting green path appeared, and they went as before across the pretty lake, and rested in the beautiful garden. The lively fairy people quickly gathered around them and welcomed them with embraces and kisses.

"What a sober little queen!" said they to her. "The little peasant girl Nanzette was rosy and happy, the princess Nanzette is pale and sad. How is this?"

The tears started in her blue eyes, and the pretty lips quivered. "I do not want to be a queen," she said, "and have no mamma and papa. I cry and cry all the time. I like my home much better. May I go there now?"

"We want to show you a part of fairy-land first, and the work of fairies," they answered; and they led her into one of the pleasant walks near. Here were groups of little fairy gardeners with hoes and sprinklers, and the flowers they cultivated were more perfect and beautiful than any ever produced upon the earth. They all dropped their tools and sprang forward to welcome their little visitors. "Hope, Nanzette, for happier days," they said; "for joy will surely come in the morning"; and they each brought her a delicate white blossom which they called the symbol of hope, and Spud tied them together in a cluster and pinned them upon the breast of her cambric dress.

The fairies were happy, for all were busy either for themselves or for others. Some were building pretty little houses, some designing new and more beautiful gardens, others were studying new sciences, and distilling medicines of

wonderful efficacy, and many, very many, were comforting and helping the poor and suffering people in the world, — and I think these must have been the happiest of all, for they had the noblest work.

In watching these industrious and happy little people, Nanzette soon recovered her cheerfulness; and then Spud led her into an observatory where was a curious window, through which he invited her to look and tell him what she saw.

At first it was only a blue mist, then that cleared away and she saw the little house where she had always lived, and she laughed with delight. "It is moonlight," she said; "almost as light as day, and I see it quite well. I wish my mamma was at the door."

"Look closely. Do you see no one?"

"Oh, yes! I see a multitude of little fairies. They are at work upon the house. They are lifting the roof, and I hear thousands of little hammers tapping. What are they doing?"

"They are enlarging the house. People should always live in houses corresponding to their own souls. The ideas of Henrick and Alsyne are expanding, and their house must be correspondingly enlarged; but it must be done so gradually that they will not perceive the difference."

Nanzette could not understand this very well, but she enjoyed watching the busy fairies. The house was made a little higher and larger, and the windows broader and finer. Everything seemed the same, and still not the same.

"They will work in this way every night," said Spud, "yet Henrick and Alsyne will not perceive it. The world will seem brighter and pleasanter to them, for their souls are expanding. They have opened the windows, and new light and beauty will flow in and brighten their lives. This is one of the best of fairy labors."

As Spud spoke thus his own face seemed brighter and happier, as if the very sight of a good work performed transfigured him. And perhaps it did. He was trying to elevate a humble family and increase their happiness, and I have no doubt but that which he gave in this way was returned to him fourfold.

"Please take me to mamma," pleaded Nanzette, who had watched the fairies work until she was tired, and began to feel homesickness steal over her again.

"Not yet," said Spud. "We have always to leave fairy-land by the same path we enter it. It is necessary that you should be a princess a few hours longer." He led her through the charming walk shaded by graceful trees, across the pretty lake, down the green path, through the cloud into the beautiful chamber of the palace, where he laid her upon the bed, and sat by her, holding her hand in his own, and singing some soft little songs. Thus comforted and soothed, Nanzette was soon asleep; and she did not wake again until the nurse came in the morning to arouse her.

"Suppose."

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head —
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And would it not be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas *Dolly's*,
And not *your* head, that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down —
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get —
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair —
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do —
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can? *Phœbe Cary.*

If thy conscience blame, though ever so little, despise it not, nor neglect the secret check; it is a messenger from Heaven, sent to summon thee to thy duty.

For the Myrtle.

Children's Day.

Put by thy book, my daughter,
The day is bright and clear;
You've read for hours, and surely
You must be weary, dear.

Put on your hat now, quickly,
And take these flowers straightway
Unto the good, kind pastor;
For to-morrow's children's day.

And the fathers and the mothers
Will bring the children sweet,
To give them to the dear, good Lord,
As is most good and meet.

And the minister will solemnly,
Upon each infant brow,
Drop the pure, baptismal water,
And in accents soft and low,

Say, "The Lord preserve and keep thee;
In the morning of thy youth
We give thee to the Father,
The God of life and truth."

And sweet the church will be with flowers,
With song and praise and prayer;
'Twill be a pure and holy thing,
My daughter, to be there.

Thus I gave thee to the Father,
And my heart was glad that day,
As I asked the Lord to bless thee
And to keep thee safe alway.

And for thy sake, sweet daughter,
And in memory of that time,
Take these flowers, a grateful offering
To God's most holy shrine.

———o-o-o———

Story with a Moral.

An English writer says: "That night I was not late; I returned by the Lee Farm about eleven o'clock. As I approached, I saw a strange-looking object cowering under the low eaves. A cold rain was falling—it was autumn. I drew near; and there was Millie, wet to the skin. Her father had driven her out some hours before; she had lain down to listen for the heavy snoring of his drunken slumbers, so that she might creep back to bed. Before she heard it, nature seemed exhausted; and she fell into a troubled sleep, with rain-drops pattering upon her. I tried to take her home with me. But no: true as a martyr to his faith, she struggled from me, and returned to the now dark and silent cabin. Things went on for weeks and months; but at length Lee grew less violent, even in his drunken fits, to his self-denying child; and one day, when he awoke from a slumber after a debauch, and found her preparing breakfast for him and singing a childish song, he turned to her, and said,

'Millie, what makes you stay with me?'

'Because you are my father, and I love you?'

'You love me?' repeated the wretched man; 'you love me?' He looked at his bloated limbs and ragged clothes. 'Love me?' he still murmured. 'Millie, what makes you love me? I am a poor drunkard. Everybody else despises me; why don't you?'

'Dear father,' said the girl with swimming eyes, 'my mother taught me to love you; and every night she comes from heaven, and stands by my little bed, and says, "Millie, don't leave your father. He will get away from that rum-fiend some of these days; and then how happy you will be!"' The quiet, persistent love of this child was the redemption of this man."

For the Myrtle.

Robbie's Prize.

"Cherries are ripe, cherries are ripe!
The baby shall have some,"

sang little Robbie under the cherry-tree, as his sister, standing on the ladder, passed down the ripe fruit. "But she won't have any unless you gather them quick, for this morning,

'Up in a tree, Robin I see,
Pecking them, pecking them — one, two, three.'"

"Well, well, Robbi," interrupted his sister, "you are well versed in nursery rhymes; pity you didn't know your lessons as well."

"My lessons!" said Robbie, shrugging his shoulders; "oh, they are so hard! I read them over and over, and then they go right out of my head; but the rhymes jingle so, somehow I can keep hold of them, and then I have to say them over to baby when I get her to sleep. She likes 'Cherries are ripe, cherries are ripe, the baby

must have some.' I can't sing my history and arithmetic. I can remember the multiplication table *pretty* well, for that's kinder sing-song, especially the tens and fives; but the rest — oh, dear! don't let's talk about them, but make haste and get the cherries or the robins will get them all."

"We should not begrudge them their share," said Sue; "they ought to have some for killing the insects."

"Well, I am willing — I like robins pretty well. Robins and Robbie sound alike, don't they, Madge? So when you sing, 'Up in a tree, Robbie I see,' you might mean me if I were up there. May I go up?"

"I am afraid you will fall, for the tree is very high."

"Oh, let me go," pleaded Robbie; "I see such beauties way up there, and I know mother wants a cherry pie. Oh, don't you love cherry pie?"

"Oh, very much. But, Robbie, I am not quite sure you had better go; the cherries stain badly, and you have got a new frock on."

"But I will take care not to stain it."

So Madge was persuaded, and Sue thought Rob might go if he would be very careful. So he mounted the ladder, and was soon up in the topmost branches of the tree. He soon filled his pail, and was about ready to come down, when he spied something which made him cry out,

"O Sue! Madge! I have found a bird's nest with three eggs, and one is broken. May I bring it down?"

"Are you quite sure one is broken?" said Madge.

"Oh, yes, two are broken; one is all smashed to pieces."

"You may bring it down, then."

So Robbie passed down his pail of cherries, and then came down with the nest.

Sure enough, one whole egg, and one broken, as Robbie said, "all to smash," and still another slightly broken. Robbie peered into the broken one. "O my! if I ever saw anything like it!" picking off the bits of shell, he found he had a perfect little dead bird in his hand.

"It is too bad, isn't it, Madge? What do you suppose killed it?"

But Madge did not know.

Robbie was a very imaginative boy, so he thought of many things, but finally concluded thus: "I think the old birds got to quarrelling in their little nest, and stepped on it, although the hymn says, 'Birds in their little nests agree'; but I shouldn't wonder if they quarrel as well as people."

"If they did they got well punished for it," said Sue.

"That is so," said Robbie; "but I am sorry for the poor birds, for I suppose they did not mean to kill their little children, and must have felt as bad as I did when I starved my canary. What's become of the old birds, do you suppose?"

"I think they went off and left their nest when the accident happened — that is their habit."

"It seems to me," said Robbie thoughtfully, "they might have kept house a little while longer, and perhaps the whole egg would have hatched out; and one little bird child would have been better than none."

"They didn't think so, I suppose," said Madge. "Birds are very curious creatures, and if anything happens to their nest they will leave it. When you are older you can study ornithology, which tells you all about the habits of the birds. You will find it very interesting."

"I think I should like that," said Robbie, holding the mite of a dead bird in his hand. "Isn't it better than grammar and arithmetic?"

"Perhaps you will like it better, though it doesn't have any jingle to it; but as it tells you of little songsters, you may be able to catch and remember it.'i

"I will try," said Robbie; "though I think ornithology sounds just as hard as arithmetic."

Watchwords of Life.

Hope,
While there is a hand to strike!
Dare,
While there's a young heart brave!
Toil,
While there's a task unwrought!
Trust,
While there's a God to save!
Learn,
That there's a work for each!
Feel,
That there's a strength in God!
Know,
That there's a crown reserved!
Love,
When there's a foe that wrongs!
Help,
When there's a brother's need!
Watch,
When there's a tempter near!
Pray,
Both in thy word and deed!

Good Words.

MAINE.

We still continue to have accounts of Children's Sunday. The ladies of the Universalist Society in Augusta beautifully decorated the interior of their church on Saturday in anticipation of interesting services to be had on the following Sabbath. The Sabbath School exercises were led by the superintendent, Bro. Sprague, after which six little children were consecrated by appropriate services to the faith and principles of the Christian religion. Rev. J. E. Bruce, who is here on a visit, aided in the services by offering remarks relative to the condition of children in England, where he has resided for the last three years.

The India Street Universalist Sunday School, Portland, observed Children's Sunday with appropriate exercises. Instead of a service in the "Altar," Bro. Chambre's "Gospel Catechism" was used, closing this portion of the exercises by the whole school repeating in concert the "Winchester Confession of Faith." Then followed a very excellent and timely address by the assistant saperintendent, Bro. S. S. Knight. His remarks to the children were appropriate and inspiring. In addressing the teachers, Bro. K. alluded to the life, character and death of one of the most active, useful and beloved teachers, Mrs. J. C. Leighton, in a manner that melted the hearts of those addressed, and inspired them anew to live,

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

Several other members and friends offered words of encouragement, the whole exercises being freely interspersed with that best of all music, singing by the children.

Near the close of the exercises a collection was taken up for the "Murray Fund." They wish to give their mite towards erecting that grand monument in honor of our sainted Murray. Why could not every Universalist Sunday School throughout the land take up a collection on Children's Sunday for the Murray Fund? What a sum it would amount to in ten years! Friends, think of it.

Children's Sunday was a happy day to all. The school, which now meets in a hall, is prospering as well as could be expected. We hope the day is not far distant when they will be in their new vestry, which will very much increase their facilities for advancing the cause of our divine Master.

PENNSYLVANIA.

All are hopeful for the future. A Sunday School has been organized in Titusville, under the charge of Bro. Hooper, and it already gives fair promise of success. This is one of the most beautiful and enterprising little cities of Western Pennsylvania, in the heart of the oil region; and the success of our church here will have a great influence on the surrounding country.

OHIO.

Bro. Whitney writes of Flint, Franklin County: "They have a well-organized Sabbath School of thirty scholars in the children's classes, and a Bible Class of ten adults. There is one feature in this school which I have not seen in other schools, but which I think is worthy of commendation and general adoption; and that is, after the recitation of all the classes, and to close, a reader is appointed to read an interesting story for the children. Last Sabbath one of Alice Cary's stories was read, and well read too, which produced a good impression."

MINNESOTA.

The Sunday School Convention of Minnesota met at Stillwater, June 13. Thirty-seven delegates were present at the opening of the session, which was a very spirited one. Nine schools report an increase of fifty-two scholars. An able essay was read by Mrs. Paris Gibson, on the relation between the Church and the Sunday School. A resolution was adopted discouraging the employment of teachers who are not in sympathy with the principles of the Winchester Confession of Faith. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: President, Paris Gibson, Minneapolis; Vice President, Chas. B. Foot, Winona; Secretary, J. B. Chaney, St. Paul.

IOWA.

At Dubuque, June 11th, Children's Sunday — seventy-eight children and adults were baptized.

INDIANA.

Our Methodist friends of Fairfield and vicinity held a Sabbath School celebration. Two Universalist schools, the Fairfield and Ireland, were in attendance by invitation, and were most cordially welcomed by their Orthodox brethren. The writer of this was one of the speakers of the occasion. Thus are the old barriers, raised by prejudice and bigotry, slowly but surely disappearing.

ILLINOIS.

Children's Sunday at Earlville was an occasion of great joy to all concerned. Twelve children were dedicated by the pastor.

Saved From What?

It has been thought by a great many good people, who have taught it to their children, because they believed it was so stated in the Bible, that Jesus Christ came into this world to save men from a dreadful endless hell in the life to come. But on close and careful examination we do not find any such doctrine taught either in the Old or New Testaments. And many Christian ministers and people are coming to think so. The Scriptures teach us that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," not so much from evils that were out of the world, or in any other world, hut such as were here. Men need to be saved from error, unbelief and sin, from evil thinking and evil doing, in this present world. This life of ours is a battle. We are called upon to contend with evil of all forms. "The works of the flesh" and "the fruits of the Spirit" are both stated in the New Testament. You will read of them in the last verses of the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians. To be saved from these evils and to secure these blessings, there must be a conflict. We cannot live in this world without it. Some will have more, and others less; but all will know something of the strife, if they make any strong effort to live a righteous life. We are called upon to "fight the good fight of faith," to "lay hold on eternal life." This life is the life of Christian righteousness and love. Living such a life, we are saved from the corruptions of the world, and are blest as God's dear children.

— The new and beautiful church edifice erected by the Universalist Society in Worcester, was dedicated on Wednesday, June 28. The corner-stone of the building was laid by the children of the Sabbath School, one year ago.

— They have an annual parade or "May walk" of the Sabbath Schools in New York City. It is a very pleasant occasion to all concerned. Why not have them elsewhere?

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XLV.

PART IV.

JESUS SENDS HIS DISCIPLES TO PREACH TO THE ISRAELITES.

"We ought to obey God rather than men,"

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. x. 32–42.

Question. — If men would confess Christ before the world, what would he do for them?

Answer. — Matt. x. 32.

Q. — What would he do in the case of those who should deny him before men?

A. — Matt. x. 33.

NOTE. Christ acknowledges no man to be his disciple who will not confess before men that he is a disciple.

Q. — Were they to expect and endure persecution by confessing him before men?

A. — Matt. x. 34.

Q. — From what intimate relatives should some of these persecutions come?

A. — Matt. x. 35, 36.

Q. — What did he say of any believer who should love father or mother, or son or daughter, more than himself?

A. — Matt. x. 37.

Q. — What did he say of the believer who was not willing even to bear the cross for his sake?

A. — Matt. x. 38.

NOTE. It was the custom to compel those who were to be crucified to carry their cross, or a part of it, to the place of execution.

Q. — What should occur to him who should find his life?

A. — Matt. x. 39.

Q. — What should occur to him who should lose his life for Christ's life?

A. — Matt. x. 39.

Q. — What should those receive who should receive the disciples?

A. — Matt. x. 40.

Q. — What should those receive who received Christ?

A. — Matt. x. 40.

NOTE. A prophet was a religious teacher.

Q. — What was the reward of those who should receive a prophet as such?

A. — Matt. x. 41.

Q. — If one should give Christ's disciples only a drink of cold water, what should result from the deed?

A. — Matt. x. 42.

Enigma No. 1.

The son of Enoch,
The father of Lamech,
A patriarch — and the oldest one;
A town in Egypt,
In time of Joseph,
Where priest and people worshipped the sun.

The wife of Abraham,
The mother of Isaac,
Laid to rest in Machpelah's cave;
A Jewish maiden,
A queenly beauty,
Who did from slaughter her kindred save.

One of the judges,
A man of courage,
Who "smote the Philistines with very great slaughter";
A Jewish prophet,
A great lawgiver,
Whose name signifies, "drawn out of the water."

Little Sower.

Answers.

JULY 15. Abraham; David; Aaron; Moses. Adam.

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